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Then all of a doggone sudden
A peak riz over the sun,
And I swear on me soul
'Twas the Arctic Pole . . .

IN these historic words Wallace Irwin chronicled the polar victory of an early explorer who went to the Pole with his matey John, the latter, unhappily, being drowned en route. Commander Byrd and his more fortunate matey Floyd Bennett can check their observations by those earlier ones, which are admirably specific. We doubt, however, if any peak riz over the sun to show the Commander where the lines of longitude met at the top of the earth. He had to resort to delicate instruments, his sun compass particularly, and the Pole can hardly have appeared as anything more thrilling or convincing than a chunk of ice in a world of jagged ice chunks. Still, the thought of circling airily around the invisible, imaginary point about which the great globe itself circles is one to stir the sluggish blood of men and women and boys and girls who live in cities and steam-heated flats and seek their adventure in the movie halls. We only hope that the apparent ease of Commander Byrd's voyage will not make polar hops a summer diversion for the tourist trade. The old-style exploration, besides its hardships, had to be carried on in the winter darkness; flying has brought polar travel into the eternal sun of the Arctic summer. We cling to and fear for the future isolation of that white and empty waste; and we only hope that within measurable years we shall not hear of the establishment at the world's top of Ye Olde North Pole Hotte Doggie Shoppe.

A WEEK of the general strike in Great Britain has proved beyond dispute the following facts:

The strike was not a political move.

The strike was not revolutionary, or inspired by "reds."

The strike has been carried on with the most amazing self-restraint on the part of the unions and even the street roughs, since the police courts have had less to do than ordinarily.

The Government itself has had to testify to the extraordinary control by the strike leaders of their men.

The British Government by no means comes out as well. It has done everything to create the impression abroad that revolution was in the offing, and by the massing of troops, tanks, armored cars, and artillery, and the marching through London of long trains of food trucks to provoke the strikers has given the impression that it alone was moving food and that it was doing so in spite of the strikers. This is falsehood and misrepresentation. Thus, the *British Gazette* declared on May 7 that "vital services of food, milk, light, power are being successfully maintained," but quite forgot to add that these were precisely the services which the Trades Union Congress ordered to be maintained uninterruptedly. Fortunately, the issue has not been misunderstood abroad, where foreign labor has warmly responded with sympathy and cash.

DEFENSE DAY, we are happy to announce, has been put to death by its parents. We make the announcement more sweepingly than the War Department, which states that its expectation is to have a national military muster hereafter once every four years instead of annually. It won't. The event, once put off, will not be heard of again. The first Defense Day, held on September 11, 1924, aroused an antagonistic spirit even among persons who are not normally anti-military in their views. The State of Wisconsin officially refused to participate at all, and the War Department's own estimates indicated that only 17,000,000 people had in any way taken part. Last year, when the Fourth of July was chosen for the test, criticism was even more widespread and the War Department's enumerators showed only 8,000,000 persons to have taken part. President Coolidge, much to his credit, has been reported to be opposed to the annual goose-step, and the War Department this year was forced to abandon the event or see it a worse fiasco than ever. Happily the United States is not sufficiently militarized to relish an annual mobilization—and has said so.

HARRY M. DAUGHERTY'S name has appeared again on the front pages of the newspapers, this time not merely as the head of a Department of Justice which reeked with corruption, but now accused personally of crime in relation to the orgy that went on during the Ad-

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Drama

"Iolanthe"

THOUGH it is not, in America at least, so often revived as some of the others, none of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas is more charming than "Iolanthe" (Plymouth Theater). Never was the collaboration between the marvelously attuned pair more perfect, and never did they hit upon a subject which provided a more rich intermingling of the fancy and satire in both of which they excelled. So happy indeed was the idea of bringing the fairy band into conjunction with that most unfairylike of companies, the British House of Lords, and of showing that the traditions of the one are hardly more fantastic than the traditions of the other, that it might well stand as the type of Gilbertian wit; for that wit consists essentially of treating fanciful conceptions in a ludicrously prosaic fashion while transforming the world of every day into a sort of harlequinade. The poet in "Patience" who is puzzled to know whether or not to attribute his romantic pains to indigestion and who is tortured by the thought that the flowerets by the river's brim are, after all, only uncompounded pills is Gilbert himself. Somehow his most fantastic characters have, like the demi-immortal in "Iolanthe," their very human legs while all of his most prosaic characters—his Lord Chancellors and his Peers—have all, like the beef-eating sentry in the same play, foolish little fairy wings ready to sprout upon their backs. His art of sinking in poetry—of, to borrow a phrase from one of the best of his songs, turning the firehose of common sense upon the aspiring flames of passion—is supreme, and even his Peri have their distressingly practical moments; but by way of compensation his very High Executioners themselves are always ready to break into a jig. And when his nonsense, irresistible in itself, is married to the buoyant tunes of Sullivan with their own mocking intricate arrangements, there is nothing quite so liberatingly joyous.

Gilbert has also, of course, his moments of apparently savage satire. In "Iolanthe," for example, one of the party leaders in the House of Lords, while expressing his horror at the proposal to make admission to that august body dependent upon the results of a competitive examination, remarks: "I don't want to disparage brains, I admire them; in fact, I often wish I had some myself." But so sweeping and so reckless is this satire that it produces an effect less of bitterness than of something boisterously funny, and it is to this fact, I think, that Gilbert's lasting quality is to be attributed. He was himself a good deal of a John Bull; with the advanced movements in art or government he had scant sympathy; and yet the laughter which he arouses knows no distinction of party, and Greenwich Village can produce "Patience" even though the joke is on it. Perhaps no great satirist ever lived of whom it could be said with equal truth that it makes no difference in one's enjoyment whether one happens to have been born "a little liberal or a little conservative." Voltaire said that the comic poet Aristophanes was "neither comic nor a poet," but it is difficult to imagine anyone so enthusiastically partisan that he would be tempted to say that of Gilbert. The joke is always too good, too indubitably funny, no matter where it hits.

These operas have, however, one grave defect: they can never be really adequately performed. They demand performers who can sing and act and dance supremely well all at the same moment, and there is no player who can possibly be both as funny as the lines and as agile as the tunes. The perfect performance of any one of them must remain, therefore, along with the Just Man and the Golden Mean in that realm of pure being concerning which philosophers speculate; but within the limits of the physical world the present production of "Iolanthe" is excellent. The fairies are agile; they can sing; and they are pleasant to look upon. Ernest Lawford's Lord Chancellor is funny and Lois Bennett's Phyllis is melodious. One could hardly ask for more, and I do not think that I have heard in the theater this year more heartfelt applause.

As its last offering of the season the Theater Guild has chosen a comedy called "At Mrs. Beam's" (Guild Theater) and by virtue of a number of excellent performances made of it a very agreeable evening's entertainment. Jean Cadell gives an amazingly complete interpretation of the role of the old maid; Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne romp delightfully through their parts; and Helen Westley plays her role with her usual acid humor. It is, however, rather to these performers and to the direction than to C. K. Munro, the author, that most of the credit is due. His play has its touches of shrewdness in both the characterization and the dialogue, but it is decidedly wobbly both in construction and in tone, never certain whether to be character comedy or farce and ending with an incident—the mock presentation of the sword—whose lameness only the vim of Alfred Lunt's playing can disguise. The same author's "Beau-Strings" (Mansfield Theater) is also often amusing, but it is even more halting in its action. Estelle Winwood plays the lead well. "The Bunk of 1926" (Broadhurst Theater) is a fairly amusing revue with little else but its liveliness to recommend it.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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folly. Ludwig accepts as unquestioned fact the theory that Wilhelm Hohenzollern was personally responsible for the war. Not that this war, or any war, was ever any part of a serious plan of his. No other monarch or minister ever feared war as greatly, or would have gone to greater lengths to avoid it. Three decades of the Kaiser's shifty tactics, of intrigue, insult, braggadocio, faith-breaking were not the occasion but the one great cumulative, compelling cause of the world cataclysm. Thus Ludwig; and though the documents do not establish that the timid swashbuckler ever wielded as much influence as either the Kaiser or his biographer assumes, these thirty years of theatricals were certainly a contributing cause of the disaster. If's are idle, but it is fascinating to speculate how different the face of Europe might be today if Germany had had an emperor of the type of Wilhelm's cousin, Max von Baden.

There is more of that interesting fellow Emil Ludwig in the present book than in any other of his "scientific" and stubbornly objective character-studies. It is appealing to discover that this detached philosopher is at heart as hopelessly patriotic as other Germans—or Frenchmen, or Tennesseans. If in 1912, he reasons, the Kaiser had not foolishly rejected England's proposal for a limitation of fleet-construction, "the English would not have decided against us in July, 1914, and the war would have been averted—*or won!*" Poor Wilhelm, poor Ludwig, poor humanity!

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE

Books in Brief

Wenn die alten Türme Stürzen. Roman von Ernst von Wolzogen. Berlin: Dr. Eysler.

A novel by Ernst von Wolzogen is an event worth recording; an event, moreover, which we shall probably not have many more occasions to celebrate. Yet the old man's natural force does not seem to have abated greatly when he wrote this story of the downfall and near-extinction of an Upper Bavarian noble family. His merits and defects are still those of his whole output: a marvelous story-telling instinct, a joyous gift of humor, a touch of epic power, but an inability to keep his narrative constantly on the move, an exasperating fashion of exciting our interest in an approaching event and then disposing of the event itself, when it finally arrives, in an indifferent phrase or two, a mercurial turn which robs his books not only of steadily advancing action but even of unity of spirit. "When the Old Towers Fall" has for its protagonist a half-imbecile young Count Wolf von Theising, for its date the decade or two ending with 1918, and for its denouement the destruction of the Theising castle by excited peasants egged on by Spartacists from Munich. Thrilling as a novel, it is valuable for its vivid glimpses of conditions in Bavaria during and immediately after the war.

Die Heimtückischen Champignons und Andere Geschichten. Von Gustav Meyrink. Berlin: Verlag Ullstein.

The spiritual descendants of Edgar Allan Poe, amateurs in their gruesomeness, are much more numerous and true to type in Germany than in Poe's own land. Most of them prove as harmless on acquaintance as Shakespeare's honest handicraftsmen presenting Pyramus and Thisbe; but one has a feeling that Gustav Meyrink, when he is not poking sophisticated fun, is obeying a deeper and more imperious inspiration than the Bodo Wildbergs and the Hanns Heinz Ewerses. He loves hypnotics and voodoism and pseudo-science in the service of Satan; but he is a psychologist and a philosopher, and he would be much easier reading if he were not so constantly and conscientiously a symbolist. He is at his best when he is simplest. Of the present collection, the little story of the ex-convict who refuses to blind the canaries is a pure jewel. But he is at his cleverest in that astonishing tour de force, The Toad's Curse, which may be parody, if one had reading enough to recognize it.

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Prophecy in the British Trenches

1914-1915-1916-1917-1918

"Bill, this is pretty terrible. . . ."
"I know it, Joe. But think of the wonderful time our children will have.'

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Los Angeles Must Be Kept Pure

By CONRAD SEILER

LEWDNESS and immorality must not escape punishment in this City of the Angels.

On February 18 at the Orange Grove Theater seventeen actors in the employ of Mr. Thomas Wilkes, theatrical producer, were presenting Eugene O'Neill's somber tragedy, "Desire Under the Elms." Little did they know of the awful Nemesis of the Law, lurking within the very portals of the theater. Members of the City Vice Squad, acting upon the instructions of Sergeant Sidney Sweetnam, were there to see the performance and to ferret out any possible obscenities. As the curtains closed on the last act all the actors were placed under arrest and taken to the Central Police Station. They were accused of having presented a lewd, obscene, and immoral play.

In the Vice Squad Room of the station, where dipsomaniacs, dope addicts, prostitutes, and perverts are sent before their final consignment either to jail or liberty, as the case may be, these seventeen sons and daughters of Thespis were herded together and their finger-prints taken, like ordinary criminals.

The management of the play made vehement protest. It was absurd to arrest the actors; they could not be held to account. The management itself assumed all responsibility. But all that did not make the slightest impression on the law. The actors were kept under arrest until 4:30 the following morning, when they were set at liberty under $50 bail each—$850 in all. Later, through the solicitation of Attorney Arthur W. Green, the bail was returned, and the actors were released on their own recognizance.

Sergeant Sweetnam, whom one ungracious reporter called "Key-hole Sweetnam," or "the Chemically Pure Cop," asserted that the Parent Teachers' Association and the Board of Education were behind the arrest, and that it was a serious affair. No member, however, of either the Parent Teachers' Association or the Board of Education ever appeared in the court.

After several words in Mr. O'Neill's work were modified to suit the moral sensibilities of the police, particularly Sergeant Sweetnam—that is, after "whore," which was used twice in the play, was changed to "harlot," and "gone a-whoring" to "gone to get himself a woman"—the performances were permitted to continue, pending the final decision of the court.

A jury trial was demanded. On April 8 the case opened in Judge William Fredrickson's court. Twelve men and women—housewives, salesmen, retired farmers—were asked to pass judgment on the morality of a work of art. Such obviously vulgar aphrodisiacs as "Artists and Models" "Weak Sisters," "Lady be Good," "The Demi-Virgin," "The Gold-Fish," and scores upon scores of cheap burlesque shows had been produced without interference in Los Angeles. Their intrinsic decency or indecency had never even been questioned.

Le Roy Reams—small in body, large in head, pugnacious, irascible, "the fearless boy prosecutor," as one paper described him—called Officer Taylor to the witness stand. Officer Taylor solemnly testified that he "had went" to the play, "Desire Under the Elms," on the night of February 18; that he had heard such horrible instances of profanity as "damn," "hell," and "whore" used on innumerable occasions during the evening—he couldn't say how many; that, although as a police officer in pursuance of his onerous duties he had gone to the performance "steeled against" anything obscene, he had really been shocked, yes, shocked. When he left the play he felt "like he couldn't look the world in the face again"; he had to walk up dark alleys to hide his shame. Ephraim Cabot (Mr. Frank McGlynn) at the end of the first act had said: "If I catch ye, I'll break your bones!" Officer Taylor swore that on the night of the 18th he had heard: "If I catch ye, I'll bust your ——!" The dash indicates a word which even the prosecutor pronounced with reluctance. On cross-examination Officer Taylor said that he had not been able to find any good in the play, but he was certain it was very bad, very bad indeed.

Sergeant Sweetnam, City Mother Gilbert, a salesman, and an elevator operator were the principal witnesses for the prosecution. They testified also that they had heard "damns," "hells," and "certain Biblical words galore." The play was unquestionably immoral—a seducing woman in a nightgown, several beds, and so forth. . . . No, the play had not had an immoral effect on them personally, of course not; they had not left the theater with impure thoughts, or with the intention of committing any abomination, but that was because they had gone "prepared."

The prosecutor stressed the fact that it was not so much the individual lines and expressions—filthy though they were—as the play itself that was in question. Why, the mere idea of a woman seducing her own stepson—think of it, ladies and gentlemen, *her own stepson!*—was lewd and immoral and had no place in any respectable God-fearing community. Would they, the jurors, care to tell that story in their front parlors to their sons and daughters?

Eminent clubwomen, students of the drama, the wife of the dean of the University of Southern California, several producers, all the dramatic critics of the Los Angeles newspapers, and a girl and boy testified in behalf of the defense. To them the play was not immoral—far from it. It was a literary and dramatic *tour de force.* It taught a strong, wholesome, moral lesson: the wages of sin is death. When they came from the theater they felt cleansed, morally elevated. The chairwoman of the drama committee of the Friday Morning Club said that, after seeing the play, she felt as though she wanted to rise from her seat and say with utmost reverence: "Now let us pray." The repetition of hard, perhaps ugly words, did not embarrass or shock any of the defense's witnesses. Such words impressed each of them as being very natural and necessary expressions in the mouths of O'Neill's crude, pathetic characters.

On the afternoon of April 15, at two o'clock, the entire court, including the judge, jury, prosecutor, attorney for the defense, attachés, and witnesses, and also a few reporters, were given a special performance of "Desire Under the Elms" at the Orange Grove Theater. No one else was admitted in the audience. The actors were the seventeen persons under indictment.

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Before the play began all the players were summoned before the curtain, and the clerk of the court, B. O. Kersey, asked them: "Do each of you solemnly swear that the performance you will give here today is the play 'Desire Under the Elms,' word for word, action for action, identically as it was presented in this theater on the night of February the 18th?" The actors took the oath. And then began the most unusual performance in the annals of the theater. The actors, with a possible jail sentence staring them in the face, and playing before the most critical audience ever assembled in any theater, surpassed themselves. Frank McGlynn as Ephraim Cabot gave a magnificent interpretation; Jessie Arnold as Abbie caused even Bailiff Cummings to say: "She's the greatest actress I've ever seen." Women jurors wept copiously; Sergeant Sweetnam and Judge Fredrickson applauded along with the witnesses and reporters. Four curtain calls were demanded at the conclusion of the play.

On Friday morning, April 16, came the final argument. The court allotted one hour to each side. Frank McGlynn—tall, gaunt, dramatic—attorney in his own right as well as leading actor in the play, was granted half of the defense's time. McGlynn appealed to the jury as liberal-minded men and women. He hoped they were not prudes. Surely they were not shocked when life was stripped of its veneer. Surely they felt no embarrassment when he told the story of "Desire Under the Elms." Sex had its place in life; everyone knew that. There was nothing essentially obscene about it. If persons came to see O'Neill's play and smirked and giggled over the poignant lives of Eben Ephraim Cabot and Abbie—as the prosecutor said they had—it was a reflection upon *their* morality, not the actors' or the play's. The jury was not called upon to decide whether "Desire Under the Elms" contained a moral lesson. It didn't have to have one. The question was whether the defendants were guilty of presenting an obscene play.

Attorney Green, of the defense, mentioned the classics of literature, the plays of Sophocles, Euripides, Aeschylus, Racine, Schiller (particularly Schiller's "Don Carlos," Racine's "Phèdre," and Sophocles's "Phaedra," in which women are enamoured of their stepsons) and the tragedies of a certain well-known playwright, William Shakespeare. Most of them are not only read and studied in the classrooms of our high schools and colleges, but are actually performed by thousands of students every year. . . . Eugene O'Neill is one of the few significant figures in the American drama. He is a famous author; his works are read, played, and admired throughout the civilized world. . . . Many of the words which Officer Taylor and Sergeant Sweetnam testified that they had heard on that memorable night of the 18th, were never in the play. The prosecution had not proved its case; there was absolutely nothing obscene in the play and consequently the defendants must be pronounced innocent.

The prosecutor, in his rebuttal, took occasion to castigate "those Greek and French degenerates" who are sullying the minds of our children. "Desire Under the Elms" was mere "smut and filth." There was no justification for such a play. O'Neill a famous author! He was infamous—morbid, lewd, obscene. . . . The play was not true to life. Had any member of the jury ever heard of a mother seducing her own stepson in real life? Of course not. Were the lives of O'Neill's characters similar to the lives of any people in New England or elsewhere that they had ever known or heard about? What a question! But they did know of thousands of clean, patient, hard-working farmer folks, didn't they? O'Neill knew nothing of such people; he only knew about morons, adultresses, infanticides, seducing stepmothers. . . . Suppose it were true to life. So are sewers. But that is no reason for putting them on the stage. . . . "Desire Under the Elms" should be suppressed. The defendants were guilty of presenting a lewd, obscene, and immoral play.

The jury retired at three o'clock that afternoon. It deliberated for almost nine hours. Shortly after midnight the verdict was announced: eight for conviction and four for acquittal.

The jury was dismissed.

At the time of writing Judge Fredrickson has voiced his intention of proceeding immediately with a new trial. In the meantime the play, which, normally, would have had a run of two, or at the most, three weeks, is doing capacity business the tenth week, and will soon go to San Francisco to commence its sinister demoralizing work there. But—

Los Angeles must be purified.

Lewdness and immorality must not escape punishment in this City of the Angels.

Democracy: Eastward Ho!

By RALPH KENT

Athens, April 7

THE Athenian citizen has just been told that, as a free Hellene, he has elected the late dictator, General Pangalos, President of the Hellenic Republic. The press, or rather such members of it as have escaped suppression, says so. General Pangalos says so. And so no doubt he has. But the story of the Dictator's victory, another chapter in the tragi-comic history of Greek politics, is in its details almost too good to be true.

As dictators go General Pangalos has been an unqualified success. He engineered his assumption of power last January with just enough of the dramatic to satisfy a public that likes nothing so much as a coup d'etat with a difference. He was invited by a group of brother officers to lunch on the slopes of Hymettus. He went as General Pangalos. He came back dictator. This triumph was signalized by parades, illuminations, and, for psychological effect presumably, the driving through the streets of armored motor cars. When in the course of the ensuing weeks there were hints of dissatisfaction and rumors of active objection, the originators of these disquieting statements were hunted out and straightway dispatched to the little island at the end of the Cyclades that boasts the only active volcano in Greece. Santorin became a rest-home for freethinkers. For the moment it became more representative of the political sentiment of Greece than Athens itself, for there, within a month or six weeks after the establishment of the dictatorship, were to be found the leaders of

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most of the opposition parties, the editors of the more outspoken journals, in fact any one who might in any way prove annoying to the dictator.

And then the comedy began. The President of the Republic, Admiral Coundouriotis, resigned. The published reason was his state of health. But it is not hard to see that it must have been irksome for a president to give audience to a dictator so that he might be told what his policy in matters of state was to be. Nor that he sometimes found it difficult to countenance the wholesale deportation of those who in certain cases were his personal friends or the suppression of newspapers that had done nothing worse than to tell the truth. He may have resigned to bring matters to some kind of issue. At all events it is clear that the Dictator, given his choice, would hardly have chosen that moment for a presidential election.

But when the President refused to reconsider his resignation and when it was apparent that for appearance' sake the form of an election must be gone through with, General Pangalos was not the man to despair. He had a whole handful of cards still to play. And the first one was the setting of the election for so short a time in advance that the opposition parties would have to spend most of the interim deciding on their candidates and have no time left for campaigning. It doubtless comforted him, too, to discover that unwittingly he had been foresighted enough to exile the majority of the opposition leaders to an island two days away by boat.

The opposition parties realized that their only hope of victory lay in a pooling of interests and the nomination of a common candidate. But when they looked about at their depleted ranks the only logical choice was a man over seventy with no especial desire to reenter the troubled ranks of politics. Against his will, however, Mr. Zaïmis was persuaded to allow the suggestion of his name as a candidate. Whereupon the Dictator played his second card. Realizing Mr. Zaïmis's strength and capacity for drawing votes even in the party of the army, General Pangalos's own, he published in the *Officiel* a proclamation to the effect that no candidate was eligible for nomination whose age was more than sixty-five. Since this proclamation was published only five days before the Sunday set for the election, the despair that prevailed in the opposition camp can be understood. Their second choice was Mr. Demerdzis.

What process of reasoning determined the Dictator's next step is hard to imagine. But certainly behind it lay a desire to suggest to the public at large that Mr. Demerdzis's nomination marked the first step in an organized attempt to undermine all established authority. Having originated a decree to the effect that Mr. Zaïmis was *hors de combat* because of his age, General Pangalos now intimated that his candidature would have been far more acceptable than that of Mr. Demerdzis, in fact that should Mr. Demerdzis become the candidate it would be necessary for the Dictator to offer himself as the other candidate to save the country from certain destruction. For blatant, rampant arrogance nothing can exceed the statement with which he announced his candidature. After having made repeated statements during the week previous that his one desire was that the coming election should have none of the party rancor of previous elections and that it should usher in a new era of better understanding between the people and their representatives, he issued a statement addressed To the Hellenic People, extracts from which follow:

> On Sunday next you will find yourselves at a turning-point in your existence as a people. Two roads lie open before you. One leads to the destruction of the state, anarchy, and the rule of brigands. . . . They will pillage the state treasuries and bring humiliation on our nation, degradation to our glorious country. The other road, that toward which I point, leads to order, safety, honor, and the protection of property, the latter to be safeguarded, if need be, by the hanging of the rascals who would steal the public funds which have been the fruit of your labors. As a great and free people cross yourselves and choose according to your consciences.

One would have supposed that this vilification of the motives of the opposition would have satisfied the Dictator. But not so. When members of the united parties came to him to arrange the details of the balloting, he refused to grant their request that they, too, be allowed to have representatives at the polls to see that the voting was legal and not subject to bribery. On the face of the matter he might have seemed justified in this refusal. But since the city had been under martial law for some time and since the fixed election committees had consequently been supplanted by the army, the upshot of the matter was that Pangalos was putting the control of the election in the hands not of an impartial body but of his own party. To satisfy the objections made on this score he finally agreed to the restoration of the fixed committees. But since it had been made a law that each committee should be headed by a judge and since there were not enough judges to head all the committees (hear, ye shades of Gilbert and Sullivan!), he issued a second decree to the effect that the election must be postponed in those districts where the committees could not function. This also might have been reasonable if the districts selected for the postponement had not been the districts where General Pangalos felt that his hold was weakest and where he could continue his campaigning.

The opposition, by this time made futile, had either to accept the proposal or to abstain from voting. And the latter is what they finally decided to do; they withdrew their candidate and retired from the fight. The Dictator's efforts to curry popular favor before this decision was reached were little short of comic. The famous bill regulating the length of women's skirts was withdrawn with the statement that women had now seen the wisdom of the measure and would need no such ruling to keep them in the narrow path of virtue. The decree regulating the closing time of places of amusement was withdrawn with the statement that summer was at hand. Landlords and property holders who had been clamoring for a raising of the moratorium were pacified by a regulation authorizing them to charge rents twenty times larger than those of before the war. As a sop to the protesting tenants this was changed the next day to an increase of only fifteen times the original rent.

The meeting held on the night before the election demands to be described by an Aristophanic hand. General Pangalos lacked the humor sufficient to see that an election for which he was the only candidate was something for the gods to laugh at. With all solemnity he ordered that the election should take place as planned. In the Place of the Constitution under the shadow of the old Royal Palace a great meeting of his party was held. It was not really dark enough for the illuminations to be lit. It was not really necessary that there should be all the display of

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gendarmerie but it satisfied the theatrical sense of the conquering Dictator that the troops should march, that the flags should wave, and that the crowds should greet his appearance with what the papers the next day described as "tumultuous acclamations."

The General's speech deserves to be quoted in full as an example of all that a campaign speech can be. However, only extracts of its more remarkable portions can be given. It began with a survey of all that the Dictator had already done for the resurrection of the new Greece. Considering the facts of the case it went on to this extraordinary statement:

> It was my wish that the presidential election should effect reconciliation within the country. But scheming politicians, whose motive can be none other than hate, have made this impossible. They formed among themselves an illicit coalition (why illicit only the gods know), and making use of the press to air their views they proclaimed that this coalition was a milestone in the course of Greek independence. They have thought with their cries to terrorize a people. But in this they were wrong; they did not expect the people to recognize their danger. My friends counseled me not to propose my candidature. But I, putting my faith in the people, have decided otherwise. A noble gathering has rallied around me. The thousands of telegrams which I have received would have been enough alone to put to rout the opposing parties. But scheming politicians that they are, they have already taken flight. They have died in the same lamentable way in which they were born. By your vote of tomorrow a new and glorious era dawns for the Greek fatherland. Long may the republic live and long the Greek people!

There remained but one difficulty. A people apathetic to the normal manifestations of their sovereign electoral power, now that the excitement was over and the victory already won, might forget to go to the polls the next day to confirm the choice of a man already elected. The Dictator displayed his last card. It was clear, he said, that he was the choice of the people. But over both him and them still hung the innuendoes of the double-faced intriguers. What then he wanted was not so much their votes as votes as their votes as an expression of confidence. Let them throng to the polls on the morrow that he with a clear conscience might proceed to the reforms which he had in store for them, the reduction of the period of compulsory military service among other things. That was his last and most brilliant play. It worked like a charm. An unprecedented percentage of the eligible voters manifested their choice on the following day.

The new President has already set his heart on new fields to conquer. Proclamations crowd one another for precedence. The Senate, arbitrarily suppressed last autumn, is about to be resurrected and senatorial elections to be held with the least possible delay. One looks for the loophole and there it is: A committee appointed by the Dictator is considering the introduction of certain reforms in the constitution. One gives the President the absolute power to dissolve the Senate whenever he sees fit. By some misconception the President announces at the same time that the measures he has taken are only the beginning of an attempt to model the Government of the new Greece upon that of the United States!

And what of the opposition? Just how soon, one wonders, will these remaining leaders join their brothers on the volcanic island of Santorin? There is a last picture of them meeting at the home of Mr. Demerdzis the evening of the day after the election, called there by the late candidate to decide what action should be taken on the letter sent by the victor proposing that if they were not satisfied by the result of the election he was willing to have it put aside and a new one set. The meeting, it is said, was a long one and the heads of the parties decided in the end not even to reply to the letter of the President. They should have. It is somehow not "in the picture" that scheming politicians should preserve the equanimity of gentlemen.

Harry Daugherty's Past

By EDGAR MELS

"YOU are either the most maligned man in America or the cleverest crook," I said. The former Attorney General of the United States, Harry M. Daugherty, recently indicted in connection with the Alien Property scandal (as suggested in *The Nation* of April 21), smiled; he shrugged his shoulders. "You can take your choice," he said.

Indifference to public and individual opinion has been the philosophy of Daugherty since those early Ohio days when Foraker was running for the Senate. The State Legislature elected the Senator then, and in the case of Foraker a scandal developed, and Daugherty, among several members of the Assembly, was accused of having sold his vote for $5,000. The local grand jury investigated; the political bosses got busy; Foraker's vote was needed down in Washington and—the episode passed into history.

Thus began what subsequently developed into the Ohio Gang. Its brain was Daugherty; its guiding spirit was Daugherty; it was Daugherty. As a lieutenant of Mark Hanna's, he learned the tricks of his trade—politics. A subsequent opponent of Hanna, he improved in certain respects on the methods of his master. Impervious to criticism and public opinion, with a huge self-esteem, a crafty brain, a somnolent conscience, Daugherty soon became a power in Ohio politics. A lawyer who practiced in a limited way but who had wide interests in public utilities, Daugherty prospered materially if not spiritually. But it was not until 1919 that his big chance came and he was wise and astute enough to open the door when opportunity knocked. For the presidential convention of the next year loomed ahead.

Daugherty had known Warren Harding for years. They were neighbors and intimate friends. Harding, amiable, easy-going, influenced usually by the last person who held his ear, fell under the mental domination of the strong, but not always silent, man from Columbus and Washington Court House. Whereupon Daugherty conceived the idea of making his protege a presidential candidate. Leonard Wood had already spent much of other people's money collecting a set of delegates—who ultimately did not stay put. Jake Hamon of Oklahoma, Sullivan of Wyoming, Hert of Kentucky—a number of other

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State leaders objected to Harding at the outset and said so.

Then came the Chicago Convention. Six ballots had been cast and a tiresome deadlock in torrid weather seemed likely. Hamon had gone to Wood with a direct offer: he could have the presidential nomination if he would agree to turn over the Teapot Dome oil leases to Hamon and his friends. It is told by Wood's son that the General walked up and down his room in his hotel a few times and turned on Hamon: "I'm an American soldier; I'm an American citizen; and I'll be damned if I'll sell out my country. Get out of here!"

Whereupon the future "best minds" met in a room far from the interruptions of the convention crowd and conferred. Daugherty's man, Harding, was nominated as a direct consequence of this conclave; the Teapot Dome oil leases were delivered; Fall was made Secretary of the Interior; and Daugherty, Columbus lawyer, became the Warwick of the Administration.

The moment Daugherty took office the Ohio Gang took office, too. Jess Smith and Howard Mannington had desk room in the Department of Justice. The rest of the gang did not need desks—they free-lanced their talents, using the name of every high official to extract graft. Mannington, inartistic in his methods, was ordered out of Washington by Harding. He was sent to Cuba by the largest banking corporation in America to straighten out its tangled sugar investments. No one knows why he was chosen, unless the name of Daugherty carried weight in some way or other.

In the meantime the War Department was selling surplus army supplies at a tenth of their cost—to former army officers. It was an "I to me" sale game on a huge scale. The saddlery and harness frauds alone amounted to $150,000,000. Seven or eight indictments were found on facts dug up by Major W. O. Watts. The cases were tried in Virginia, and the learned federal judge threw them out of court. Dozens of investigators were employed by the Department of Justice. They made elaborate and careful investigations; they unearthed huge frauds; they drew up briefs; they presented them to Daugherty and Goff and the other best minds.

With few exceptions these briefs were placed into what became known as the "Morgue." But they were not dead; far from it. The Ohio Gang, promptly notified of the existence of these briefs, "shook down" the men against whom they were directed. Evidence adduced before the Brookhart-Wheeler committee indicated that a Japanese, alleged to have been connected with Mitsui and Company, the bankers, gave one hundred $1,000 bills to Gaston B. Means, who in turn handed them to Jess Smith. And since then the case—the Standard Aircraft case—has slumbered.

And so the gang prospered and grew rich. But forces were at work to expose the wholesale blackmail and grafting. The New York *World* had thrown light on the American Metals case, in which Daugherty was finally indicted last week. The Brookhart committee was holding hearings. An exodus of the gang members began. It was at this period that I met the Attorney General for the first time. He talked to me from five one afternoon until twenty minutes to eight. He told me his version of the Chicago Convention; how free Harding was from pledges of any kind—"the freest President who ever entered the White House"; how Fall was made a cabinet member while Harding was on a Southern trip, away from the benign influence of Daugherty; how Daugherty was in no way to blame for Fall's shortcomings. It was a plausible story and, possibly, Daugherty believed it. It was never published by the North American Newspaper Alliance, for which it was obtained, because Daugherty, to whom the story was submitted, returned it with the remark that it had been shown to "the White House, which deemed it inadvisable to release it just now."

Then came Daugherty's ousting from the Cabinet. I pursued him to New York and Columbus, where he talked for another six or seven hours—always about himself and his innocence. He was most voluble about Jess Smith, the master grafter of the Ohio Gang.

"Jess Smith was my friend for years," said Daugherty; "my brother and I set him up in business. He was my secretary, my collector [whatever that may have implied]; he paid my bills and looked after me in every way. About two months before his death his mind must have failed him, for *he defaulted in $300,000 belonging to me.* He could not have been in his right mind. His suicide proves that."

I cannot agree with Daugherty on this point. Because he was in his right mind; because he realized that the jig was up and that exposure faced him; because he feared prison—that is why he died. Smith was Daugherty's alter ego; his man of odd jobs; his deckhand. Smith had made much money. What became of it after his death I do not know, and those who do know will not tell. He realized that he had played the game and would have to pay for it. And he also realized that if exposure came he would be held responsible for everything. His own words to Roxie Stinson, his divorced wife with whom he was on friendly footing, proves his frame of mind. "They are going to get me," he told her on a trip to Columbus. He walked in the middle of the street to avoid physical harm. He grew morose. Repeatedly he told Miss Stinson of his dread. And then a week before his death there came a happening, never before told in print and related to me by Warren F. Martin, Daugherty's assistant and confidential secretary, now in the office of Senator Du Pont.

Smith and Daugherty had a terrific quarrel, their first, in their so-called "shack," a small farmhouse near Columbus. Smith had bought a revolver in Columbus the day before. Night came and Daugherty went to sleep. He was awakened at three the next morning to find Smith prowling around, revolver in hand. He explained that he thought he heard something. The next day Daugherty and Smith returned to their elaborate apartment in the Wardman Park Hotel in Washington. For reasons unknown, Daugherty refused to stay that night with Smith. Instead he had Martin take his place while he, Sinclair, Doheny, Colonel Forbes of Veterans' Bureau fame, and some others passed the night in the White House.

Smith and Martin, who did not like each other particularly, read a while. Then, according to Martin's story, Smith went into his room. Martin subsequently took Daugherty's room and went to sleep. Shortly after six the next morning he was awakened by a crash. He thought it a tray dropped by a waiter and turned over for another nap. But he could not sleep and went to the sitting-room. Smith's door was open. Martin saw him on the floor, his head in an iron waste basket, a revolver in his right hand. He phoned to the police and the papers chronicled the suicide of Jess Smith, the friend of Daugherty.

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The indictment of Daugherty may be lost in the question of the constitutionality of the statute of limitations. The saving period was originally three years, but was extended to six years by an act of Congress which Daugherty fought vigorously for six months, eventually, under Congressional pressure, declaring it constitutional. If it is found constitutional—and that means a long legal fight—and Harry Daugherty is actually brought to trial, then perhaps an apparently apathetic and satisfied citizenry will learn why the Department of Justice has never shoved through hundreds of important cases of fraud and mismanagement, why millions of words have been wasted in briefs which found a resting-place in the department morgue.

It may also learn just why Daugherty's two successors in the department have done nothing, why *mañana* is the watchword of the cautious and economical Coolidge Administration, which threw Daugherty out of the Cabinet only when forced to do so by outraged public opinion.

The Massachusetts Escalator

By FRANK R. KENT

Washington, D. C., May 7

THE badly concealed uneasiness of the little White House group over the flaming Massachusetts campaign which the Hon. David I. Walsh has started against the return to the Senate of William M. Butler, whose relations to the President plus his position in the party link his political fortunes tightly with those of Mr. Coolidge, will make the Massachusetts fight increasingly interesting from now on. Of course the odds favor Mr. Butler. It is a one-man fight against a highly organized, splendidly financed, well-disciplined machine, supported by the patronage of city, State, and national administrations and tremendously stimulated by the danger of having the President's closest friend, the manager of his campaign, and the chairman of the National Committee, repudiated by Mr. Coolidge's own State. Under these conditions it seems incredible that they should let Butler lose. Normally there would be little risk, but there is nothing normal about the Democrat running against Senator Butler. True, he has no real organization, very little money, and a complete absence of the patronage power swung by his opponent. What he has, however, is a vote-getting personality almost unparalleled in the country. The only man whose record even compares with Walsh's is Governor Smith in New York—and in the odds he has overcome in his State and the calculations he has upset as a vote-getter, he excels even the redoubtable Al.

In a more heavily Republican State, with no Tammany organization behind him, Walsh has twice been elected Governor, once elected United States Senator, and two years ago, in the greatest Republican landslide of history, when Coolidge carried Massachusetts by approximately 500,000, he missed beating Gillett for the Senate by a bare 18,000. It is easy to understand the Republicans' apprehensions when they reflect on these figures, notwithstanding their tremendous advantages. When a Democrat runs the way Walsh has run in Massachusetts with its normal Republican majority of 200,000, it means a lot. It does not mean anything for a Republican to win time after time in that State, but for a Democrat—that's another story.

In the many eulogies written of Mr. Coolidge since he became President, invariably stress has been laid upon the fact that before he was nominated for Vice-President he had eleven times successfully run in his State as a candidate for office, starting as alderman in Northampton and culminating with election twice as Governor of the Commonwealth.

Not one of his biographers has refrained from dwelling heavily on these eleven Massachusetts victories as indicative of the faith of the people in the man. They also contend they illustrate his remarkable vote-getting abilities and furnish a complete answer to those who think him a purely accidental President with nothing in his career to justify serious consideration for such a place.

Coolidge admirers, forced to concede an absence of achievement in his record and who know the facts about the Boston police strike, fall back on these unbroken successes in Massachusetts as proof that there is really more to him than appears.

"No man elected eleven times by the people and not once defeated can be," they say, "dismissed as an accident. There must be something in such a man, some inherent power, some reserve strength of which his surface feebleness and inertia give no hint. If there were not, these eleven victories could not have happened."

It seems a pity to take away the consolation of that idea from those who have nothing else, but the truth is that the facts render it completely untenable. The Coolidge record is not unique in Massachusetts. It is the system that is unique, not the man. There have been plenty of Republicans there who have equaled his record at the polls and quite a number who have exceeded it.

There is, for instance, Senator Gillett, who has submitted himself to the people for one thing or another sixteen times and been elected every time. There is Representative Tinkham with a record of twelve elections, ex-Governor Channing H. Cox, who, starting in the legislature, ran twelve times for various offices, concluding with election twice as Governor. Others could be mentioned. Even those Republicans who gained the Senatorship, with its six-year terms, have a long record of election successes—eight each for the late Senators Lodge and Crane, nine for John W. Weeks—with one defeat at the hands of this same "Dave" Walsh, now running against Mr. Coolidge's bosom friend, Senator Butler.

The explanation is simple. In Massachusetts more than any other place the Republican machine, well disciplined and strong, has developed a line of succession system to which it rigidly adheres. It is known in Boston as the "escalator system" because of the similarity of principle with the escalators that in some places carry the crowds up out of railroad stations or subways.

If you get on the Massachusetts political escalator at the bottom, as a candidate for the legislature, or, as Coolidge did, as a candidate for alderman, and behave yourself, with any luck at all you are bound to get to the top. Once aboard the escalator, if you stand steady, don't push those

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in front, keep your balance, and refrain from monkeying with the machinery, you are sure to go on up the political hill.

Any survey of Massachusetts governors and senators for thirty years back proves this. With almost no exceptions they started as members of the legislature or aldermen in some town, served four or five terms, went to the State Senate, served several terms, and finally got promoted to the presidency of that body. Their nomination for two terms as lieutenant-governor and two terms as governor was then traditional and a matter of course.

No one gets to the top in Massachusetts politics except along the escalator route. If you get on, stand steady, keep your eye on the operator, you get there unless the machinery breaks down. Mr. Coolidge is only one of many who have done that. He is a pure product of the escalator, and so is his friend, Senator Butler.

In recent years Walsh is the only man who has upset the escalator. He has done it half a dozen times in the past fifteen years, and he narrowly missed doing it last time in spite of the power of the Republican engine and the speed at which it was run. Experience has taught the Massachusetts group that every time Dave Walsh runs there is real danger of an upset. They have faith in Massachusetts all right, but their faith wavers a little when Walsh runs.

In the Driftway

THE little folk have returned to Ireland. Their horns have been heard blowing in a clump of bushes near Milltown, and one fortunate listener caught a glimpse of a little man in red riding a little horse. The Drifter has no difficulty in believing this, but for the skeptical he can produce a newspaper dispatch clipped from a page bearing a story of a million-dollar robbery and another story of incredible diplomatic blundering, to neither of which these same skeptics would hesitate to give credence. But each man may believe what he pleases, and it pleases the Drifter to believe that Ireland is again one of those lands where strange things may happen at any time to any one, even a skeptic. The most complete armor of skepticism always leaves exposed at least a millimeter of Achilles's heel, but for the discovery of it conditions must be favorable. The Drifter remembers an incident of his undergraduate days which shook, though ever so slightly, a whole citadel of skepticism manned by the student body. It was a spring evening, a hazy blue twilight, which hung a veil of vagueness over the old trees on the campus in their feathery young leaves. All human talk and laughter sounded far away, and one caught oneself listening for strange other sounds which just eluded human ears. The entire academic community seemed to be strolling that evening, until a knot of students began to gather at a spot on the lawn under an ancient tree. The Drifter wandered over to see, and behold, it was a ring of pale toadstools which must have stolen up during the night and stayed unobserved during the busy day when people walked on paths. The group of embryo scientists, philosophers, and bond salesmen stood quietly contemplating the unbroken circumference of toadstools. Presently came a faint suggestion in a voice subdued for the occasion "It might be a fairy ring . . . ?"—and no one laughed. The next day the machine age, in the person of a gardener with a lawn mower, did for the fairy ring, and its disappearance went unnoted. But the Drifter had glimpsed Achilles's heel.

* * * * *

THERE was a Japanese student in that group who bewailed to the Drifter, as they strolled away, the orderly uneventfulness of modern life in his country. He talked of the badgers and the foxes whose delight it once was to play tricks on unwary travelers in the mountains of Japan. In the old days one never knew when even the loveliest lady might suddenly and with a mocking laugh reveal herself to be a shaggy fox. The Drifter spent the rest of that magic evening in a New England college town listening to strange and amusing witch stories of an Eastern land. There was the sad adventure of Chokichi, the sock-maker, who one day wrapped up his lunch of rice-cakes and went on a pilgrimage to the mountain shrine Miyamoto Yama in a bad year to pray for better business. The path was lonely, and Chokichi was glad to meet a roguish maiden bound for the same shrine to pray for her sick mother. They proceeded together, Chokichi before and the maiden properly following, when a cry of pain informed Chokichi that his companion had hurt her foot. He bent gallantly to her aid, but suddenly the delicate ankle in his hand became a shaggy paw, and a hairy giant sneered down on him. Chokichi fled precipitately into a nearby rest-house, where a kindly old man offered him a cup of tea and listened to his breathless tale. When Chokichi reached the point of the hairy paw, the old man lifted his robe and revealed another such paw, shouting, "Was it anything like this one?" This time Chokichi was enraged by the laughter mocking him from every corner, and he fought. A hunter found him in the morning with a cut on his head and a bunch of red hair in his hand. They were foxes who had bewitched him, messengers of the goddess of rice, Inari, whose shrine was beyond the mountain. Chokichi ruefully returned homeward to trouble the gods no more but to mind his own business thereafter. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

A Solution of the British Coal Question

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Shed the light of your countenance on the remote Santa Cruz Mountains. If coal is vital to the whole nation, and if to cease mining is "an act of rebellion striking at ordered government" (Baldwin) and "menacing the social order" (Asquith) and "a revolution against parliamentary government" (Churchill), why doesn't the Government take over the mines for the general good and save billions? It seems simple to those in the mountains.

Los Gatos, California, May 8 C. E. S. WOOD
SARA BARD FIELD

The Abolition of Food Blockades

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your editorial of April 7 on the crime that was committed in widening the scope of blockade during the late war you neglect to point out that it is supremely Britain's interest that a national blockade of food supplies shall not be permitted. A continental Power, blockaded by sea, can import food across a land border; a food-importing island blockaded by sea must perish. Traditional British policy is so sure of the invincibility of the British navy as to feel that

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whatever makes sea-power more decisive must help Britain. It would be more prudent to secure Britain's future by putting international law in such condition that no future enemy or group of enemies, even if triumphant at sea, would dare blockade Britain's coast against corn for fear of the resentment of the neutral world. Better be safe than haughty. Britain could afford to pay almost any bill of damages for the sake of establishing the principle that it is always illegitimate to blockade a nation against food.

Ballard Vale, Mass., April 8 STEVEN T. BYINGTON

The Truth About China

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The American Committee for Fair Play in China, which has been functioning since June, 1925, when it issued its first bulletin on conditions in China, will send its literature to anyone requesting it.

The committee, with headquarters in San Francisco, was formed directly following the Shanghai affair "to give to Americans the uncolored truth about China, with the conviction that a proper understanding between nations is the only requisite to just relations and mutually helpful dealing, and that out of this understanding good will come for China and for the world."

Our first bulletin gave enough of historical background for an understanding of present conditions. Bulletin Number 2 sketches briefly the reaction of the Chinese to our movement, as reported by Elizabeth Green, who is furnishing from China copy for further bulletins.

The activities of the committee are purely educational in character. Cooperation of all persons interested in the promotion of a better understanding between the people of our country and those of our Pacific neighbor, in the spread of the truth without political, religious, business, or other special interest coloration, is invited. Any persons who will undertake distribution to groups or communities will be furnished bulletins by applying to the undersigned at 1616 Taylor Street.

San Francisco, April 9 NATHALIA WALKER,
Secretary, American Committee for Fair Play in China

Another Joke on the "Errand Boy"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There is another "joke" on the United States that Mr. Lewis S. Gannett did not mention. In an obscure document known as the fundamental law of the United States which many people find it convenient to, and most politicians do, ignore, it is alleged that treaties require the advice and consent of two-thirds of the Senate. Minister MacMurray, in signing the Ultimatum of February 16 [see *The Nation*, May 5, p. 497], based his position on "treaty rights" derived from the 1901 Protocol. The protocol, however, has never received the sanction of the United States Senate. Thus, in threatening belligerent action, the worthy Minister was talking of something *unbekannt*.

Whenever British and Japanese traders and smugglers get into hot water in China, the United States marines are always there leading the march—a fact highly complimentary to the efficiency of the Navy Department, Colonel Mitchell "to the contrary notwithstanding." In the fracas under discussion "the United States has two cruiser gunboats, seven gunboats, nine destroyers, two mine sweepers, one air tender . . . one oiler . . . and another destroyer division from Manila" (the Historians' Chronicle from *Current History* by Professor Quincy Wright). Considering that once a year, at the annual banquet of the China Society, sonorous addresses are delivered on "the amicable relationship existing between the sister republics of the Pacific"—a sentiment very carefully packed up and stored away during the remaining 364 days of the year—one can only congratulate Mr. Gannett for his happy choice in designating the Republic as "the errand boy of British and Japanese imperialism." And I wish to offer an award of $20 to any resident of these United States (as usual, aliens ineligible to citizenship excepted) who can produce an errand boy as solicitous of the interests of his master and as self-sacrificing as the American Legation at Peking!

Cambridge, Mass., April 30 CHAO-YING SHILL

The Right Books for Children

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In our endeavor to establish a library for Pioneer Youth, an organization conducting clubs and summer camps for boys and girls from workers' families, a deplorable lack of good books was revealed. The folk-lore, myth, and fairy tales that pass as history and the available story material which is either nonsensical or glorifies the go-getter and military hero are not suitable for those curious-minded and alert children. They want truth—facts—and quantities of it! So, we have started the big task of building up a new literature, a literature that will stress the heroism of men and women whose victories were peace-time victories, whose personal sacrifices were made for the good of the race, and who fought war, poverty, intolerance, and ignorance in all its manifestations.

We would therefore appreciate it if the readers of *The Nation* would send us names of any books for juveniles that cover the following fields:

Science and scientists;
Social, civic, and progressive movements and their leaders;
Movements for religious freedom and their leaders;
Pioneers in developing the labor movement;
Pioneers in architecture, art, music, etc.;
History of engineering and invention;
Explorers and discoverers.

Responses to this appeal should be sent to Pioneer Youth of America, 3 West Sixteenth Street, New York, in care of the undersigned.

New York, March 31 MARJORIE WORTHINGTON,
Secretary, Pioneer Youth Literature Committee

Samoa Again

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I call attention to two misprints in the article on Samoa in your issue of April 14? In the account of the trial of Toeupu "but" has been substituted for "not"; it should read: "The accused was judged by a court composed of a former court clerk, a naval officer, and a Samoan, *not* one of them a lawyer." In fact, no one connected with the trial in any capacity was a lawyer. The following paragraph should contain, "A special school tax *has* (not was) paid for but one ordinary schoolhouse."

In justice to President Harding, it should be known that before his death he sent the following: "I am writing now to say that when the Congress is reassembled, the question of proper legislation to deal with the situation (in American Samoa) in accordance with American ideals will be invited at the hands of Congress." His death unfortunately prevented the fulfilment of his intention.

Bills have, however, been introduced during the present month in the Senate and House respectively by Mr. Lenroot and Mr. Knutson "Accepting the cession to the United States of certain of the Samoan Islands and to provide for a temporary (civil) government therefor."

Richmond, California, April 29 MADGE A. RIPLEY

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Books and Plays

The Spire

By EDGAR LEE MASTERS

In swine-land built from thefts a sculptured spire
Arose, wherein two feathered-serpent priests
Of rumor and of slander kept the feasts
Of Envy. In a city where the liar
Vied with the bandit, feudist in the mire
Of fraud and broken compacts, and men as beasts
Employed the leaven of envenomed yeasts
For power and gold—there, even as their sire
Destroyed, these two plucked forth the hearts of men
And held them to the mob in ritual
Of self-idolatry. Many a capital,
Gargoyle, and frieze blood-stained and over-stained
Grew caked with gore blue, green, and cardinal,
Until the spire stank like a slaughter pen!

First Glance

THE dreariest and at the same time the most difficult history which we can set out to write is that of our fathers' generation. Our own times are by one chance or another tolerable. Our grandfathers, and back of them our vaguer forefathers, may loom large through heroic light. But our fathers—they, alas, were merely what we have just ceased being ourselves, or what we once decided never to be and so have never been; our fathers lived in a time which we would rather forget. And we do forget it very heartily until a historian like Thomas Beer, who in "The Mauve Decade" (Knopf: $3.50) has restored the American nineties, forcibly turns us back into the mist we were for shaking from our eyes. Mr. Beer finds America rather tolerable now, what with the sophistication and the realism which can be proved to exist here and there. And he is willing to admit that in the old days there were heroes—outlived, perhaps, but nevertheless of greater than common size. For the nineties, however, he has little more than a pained look. Still he looks; and as we look with him, straining our eyes to make something out of the mess, we too experience pain. "The Mauve Decade" is not easy reading, nor was it easy writing. The research was difficult enough, requiring as it did a pair of hands to stir the particular thick dust of an age more talked about than known; and Mr. Beer has fairly plunged his hands in that deposit. But he labored even more steadily over his style, which is so mannered that only a minority will understand it, let alone like it. I like it, though I was always aware that the wielder of it wavered a bit too much between the methods of history and of fiction. History is an art as fiction is an art—it has its procedure. Mr. Beer proceeds down two paths at once, as he did in "Stephen Crane," which was both a biography and a novel. The result is nothing pure, and I am convinced—in spite of a multitude of minor excellences—nothing permanent. But it is something rather bitterly entertaining.

The villain of "The Mauve Decade" is vulgarity, and the hero is a civilization struggling through several lone personalities to save itself from utter suffocation. Mr. Beer in seven ingeniously ordered chapters displays the villain's many forms—his ignorance, his timidity, his prudery, his cruelty, his unconscious guile. The evidence is not so much piled as woven; we scarcely know how great a quantity of it there is until we finish. Then we may follow back the various strands—political, social, literary—until they meet in the crazy center which was the genius of the age. And never is there any thunder in our ears. Mr. Beer speaks most softly when his intentions are most wicked, as when he quotes Constance Woolson as saying that Louisa May Alcott had many imitators—and goes on to record that she "resumed the imitation of Henry James, a habit in which she so far progressed that 'A Transplanted Boy' might have been written and destroyed by James himself." Or when he ends a long paragraph with the news that a niece of Ada Channing Walker "married a sugar broker six feet three inches long." Or when, after reporting the opinion of "a person in a pulpit" that Harry Thurston Peck had been lured "from the path of truth," he adds: "No definition of truth was supplied." Even his saving remnant is waved in with the left hand. Henry George, Ambrose Bierce, Stephen Crane, Frank Norris, Harry Thurston Peck, William Graham Sumner, and the rest are equally subdued to Mr. Beer's too precious style. The nineties had no style at all. I hope the moral is not that we who come after have too much of that good thing.

MARK VAN DOREN

Democracy Reconsidered

The Phantom Public. By Walter Lippmann. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

MR. LIPPMANN'S book may be briefly summarized. We must, he states, reject the notion that the public controls the general affairs of society. Public opinion does not direct society to some clearly conceived goal. Society is not a mystical unit but an adjustment of individual purposes. Government is actually carried on by influential people who are doing particular things and who are in constant communication with other influential people who are interested in the same particular things. These influential people are the insiders who perform direct, executive, and specific actions. There is no single identical public intervening in all questions. Each problem thus has its own set of executives on the inside and its own public of interested persons on the outside. Each public can check from the outside only in a general way the actions of the insiders. It intervenes only when a crisis occurs, and even then its aim is not at rewarding merit or at establishing justice but at removing the crisis. A public, as here defined, should confine its interest in a question only to the fact that settled rules should be enforced and that rules that cannot be enforced should be amended in accordance with an agreed rule. Thus, when the validity of a rule itself is questioned, its task is then to decide whether the rule is defective and who can best mend it. Open debate before the public will sift out the partisan insiders from the interested outsiders. Rules that effectively adjust relations must be based on the assent of those involved, hence when the dissent from, or violation of, an existing rule is widespread the rule is most likely defective. For reformation of existing rules the public will generally have to rely on the Outs as opposed to the Ins. More specifically in judging disputants it will be useful for the public to observe what side is willing to submit its claim to inquiry. Sincerity, however, is no measure of the merits of a rule proposed. "To judge a new rule, then, the tests proposed here are three: Does it provide for its own clarification? for its own amendment by consent? for due notice that amendments will be proposed?" When these

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rules cannot be applied, the public had better stand aside and not meddle. For in such a case the problem is too complex for the public to form judgment. It is, however, further necessary to deconcentrate the sources of power. Capitalism thus cannot be fought by a centralized government, for different sections of the people feel its effect in a different way. In regard to nationalism we must not confuse the interest of an oil prospector with national advantage. Then balanced relationship between governments may be more easily attainable. In fine, this theory recognizes that individuals are the only units, the purposes of the individuals the only purposes, and the best society is when the purposes of the individuals are best adjusted.

The above résumé may do less than justice to a book that is challenging in several respects. In contemporary American political philosophy the two books of Miss Follett alone approach in importance the present book. As for England, Mr. Lippmann's book may perhaps be placed on the same level with the best efforts of Cole, the *magnum opus* of Laski, the acute criticism of Hobhouse, and the noble edifice of the Webbs. It has been compared to the "Contrat Social" of Rousseau. Rousseau set himself to the task of analyzing the nature of authority and found it to rest on consent; Mr. Lippmann, on the other hand, offers a criticism of the theory of consent. He aims at bringing "the theory of democracy into somewhat truer alignment with the nature of public opinion." "The Phantom Public" is thus rather in the nature of a commentary on, or perhaps a sequel to, "Contrat Social." The importance of the book for political theory is just this: it is the most acute defense of the position of the political pluralists yet offered in the United States. Pluralism is a theory of individualism; it is a reaction from the statism both of the Idealists and of the older Fabians. It represents a return to Locke. The individual, however, is viewed not as an isolated being but as a member of various groups. To protect the individual from the Great State the pluralists demand wide functional and territorial federalism. Mr. Lippmann approaches this view by a denial of the existence of a unified public opinion able to steer society toward a coherent goal. By his particular approach Mr. Lippmann has enforced the pluralistic view and the pluralists have at the same time won a strong adherent.

Yet in some ways Mr. Lippmann's book may fall short. Unlike the British pluralists Mr. Lippmann has not as yet translated his theory into institutions. Of course he intentionally restricts himself to a discussion of theory, but unless the theory is identified with an institutional structure the task is still half done. What, specifically, will be the form of organization by which the insiders will adjust their functions? Shall it be other than geographical? What form of decentralized organization can tame capitalism? Concretely, how is federalism achievable against the prevailing trend toward centralization? What authority will adjust the disputes between the decentralized functional units? To answer these questions will require arduous social exploration. Perhaps in the future Mr. Lippmann may offer to us the results of his further speculation. Again, Mr. Lippmann omits to consider the common unifying force of the modern nation-state. He considers nationalism, but only as a "realm of disorder." Yet it assuredly does tend to soften the diversities of particular purposes and the clash of functional groups. It does establish a common ground between Mr. Henderson and Mr. Winston Churchill and between Mr. Mellon and Mr. Lippmann. For the nation-state is a secular and non-economic organization. To follow Mr. Lippmann, there exist in each of the problems of education, or coal-mining, or immigration a distinct body of insiders and a public of interested outsiders. Yet there exists also an interest on the part of the entire American people to perpetuate a particular type of civilization. This interest modifies the nature of these problems and a change in the nature of the problems may make inevitable also a change in the tests suggested. To be sure, any explanation of society which fails to take account of citizenship is not wholly adequate.

However, to the bulk of its readers Mr. Lippmann's book will be less significant as a technical presentation of a theory of the state than as a general discussion of the limited competence of public opinion. It has, of course, long been recognized that public opinion does not govern. All that it does, or can do, is to favor or oppose general tendencies. In England and the United States this, in fine, is what the electorate does in a general election. It then virtually chooses one set of party leaders to govern it out of two competing sets, each set professing allegiance to a slightly different political faith. It is a realization of this fact that makes such real leaders of European democracy as Ramsay MacDonald suspicious of the initiative and referendum. While the place of public opinion in a democracy is now generally recognized, yet the penetrating diagnosis of Mr. Lippmann will make it still more obvious and coherent. The ingenuity of demagogues is as unlimited as the vanity of the populace. But in the future it will be more difficult even for such makers of buncombe as Lloyd George to attribute to the masses omnicompetence in solving all the riddles of the universe or to confound the judgment of 51 per cent of the mob with divine purpose.

LEWIS ROCKOW

Our Island Story

Rough Justice. By C. E. Montague. Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.

THERE are phrases famous in literature whose greatness as expression is only thrown into higher relief by the fact that we have come to regard with a certain irony the thing expressed. "The happy warrior" and "our rough island story" are great because they embody so completely the mood which called them forth—because, like the mood, they include in themselves the germ of that complacency which comes to full and ridiculous flower in the most fatuous self-sufficiencies of Kipling. With a certain marvelous adequacy they imply both England's greatness and England's deficiency; they reveal her elevation of soul, while at the same time their conscious rectitude prepares the way for "the white man's burden."

It was of such phrases, of their nobility and their fatuity, that I was continually reminded in reading this much-heralded novel. The title itself is singularly expressive, for it suggests the characteristic British feeling that justice is all the more manly for being rough and a little incomplete, and it foreshadows precisely Mr. Montague's intention to take up the tradition where Tennyson left it. He has written a novel, but his story is a fable and his book an argument. His chief purpose is to show that contemporary England and contemporary Englishmen are still, for all their defects, a worthy part of "our rough island story"; and though his novel is not, as a novel, very good, nor his point of view one with which I have much temperamental sympathy, he has succeeded in saying with considerable skill what he wished to say. "Rough Justice" is a capital expression of the faith of those who believe that England, with all her faults, is still the cradle of the only virtue—a pure and a courageous heart—that really counts.

To be sure a great deal of water has flowed under bridges since the Victorian optimists seemed so entirely natural and complete. The current of the times forces the staunchest of intelligent patriots into moments of bitterness and into a realization of the fact that there are spots neither green nor pleasant in the famous isle; but in opposition to those, like Wells and Shaw, who would scrap the Great Tradition *in toto* there are those who would salvage it, and among them Mr. Montague takes his stand. For the public schools, once the nurseries of virtue, he has little good to say; for staff officers and statesmen he has scant regard, and war has its incidents which are not a proper part of glorious adventure. But the heart of the people is sound, and when his well-born hero takes

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the hand of one of his servants as a sign of a tacit agreement to stand side by side in the ranks of war, he sees in that act a symbol of the hope of civilization. Cricket is no longer at once the perfect discipline for life and the type of its highest activities; labor has its rights and the ruling classes are not perfect in unselfish devotion to the common cause; but Englishmen are still Englishmen, not brilliant perhaps—and just see what cowards all the brilliant people in this story turn out to be—but still possessed of "the sane earthen humor, the plodding mother-wit that always arrived at the end, the gruff old good temper in keeping discipline and enduring it—all the traits that had saved England so many times, when leaders had faltered or luck failed." Others may think things out, but an Englishman's forte is action. He does the duty nearest him, even when it happens to involve blowing up a few millions who are doing the same thing, and thinks about it afterward, if at all. Of course Jesus was right, but then "I'm for denying him, honest, *this time*, and fighting it out, and then, when we are out of this hole, we might see what can be done!" The italics and the exclamation point are mine. They furnish the only commentary which I can make upon the adequacy of the Great Tradition, for this speech of the hero reveals the confessed inadequacy of the honest heart to do more than muddle through, and I, for one, should prefer to see the clear head given a chance for once, if only by way of a change.

Mr. Montague writes well, though often a little too much like a man who has been praised for his style, and occasionally, in the earlier parts dealing with his hero's childhood, he writes like one who knows he has been called "whimsical." Instead of saying simply that the child had begun to talk he must say that "by that time Auberon was putting the tongue of Shakespeare to fairly free, if inexact, use"; but the chief defect of his novel as a novel is the glassy perfection of his hero and heroine. She is completely in the tradition of the Meredithian goddess, and he is too chronically manly, too absolutely certain upon every occasion to "behave like a thoroughbred," to "do the decent thing," and to play cricket. From childhood on through love and war, he never, it appears, had a single flicker of thought that was not worthy, and when in the last paragraph the two paragons reach their embrace: "She returned with a sort of humble fervor the mighty love hug of the Adam-like lover whose whole and unwasted estate of passion was still his to bring a bride. So the two unconscious emblems of all that had saved England in war and had now saved her in peace stood enlaced, each of them freed at last from every care but the fear of not being worthy of the other." It is at the adjective "unconscious" that I balk. Emblems they undoubtedly are, but they have been throughout the book, I fear, too completely aware of the fact ever to be quite human.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Dostoevski and the Intellectuals

Dostoevsky. By André Gide. Translated from the French With an Introduction by Arnold Bennett. Knopf. $2.50.

AN intellectual is a man who talks about a woman as a good mother or a careful wife or a horrid vampire or a conscientious voter or a flapper, but never by any chance as a woman. By the same token an intellectual is a critic who talks about Dostoevski as a moralist or a queer Russian or a literal believer in the gospels or a prophet, but hardly by any chance as a novelist. The whole performance takes on the air of a keeper explaining an elephant as a big-hearted animal or an horrendous monster and failing to mention the specific attributes which make an elephant formidable and set him off from every other creature. The keeper even finds it necessary to apologize that the beast isn't a bear (like Tolstoi) or a brave alley cat (like Gorki) or a helpful St. Bernard dog (like Tchekhov); the great monster is unfortunately only an elephant. It is a sad thing, ladies and gentlemen; he is a curious and disturbing apparition, but as educated naturalists we must make the best of a bad behemoth. M. Gide is not quite certain whether he should be a keeper explaining a queer beast or a naturalist interested in the elephant just because the creature is an elephant. He begins very well with observations as profound and true as anything ever said of Dostoevski; but toward the end he goes in heavily for praise of the great Russian for a belief in the gospels and a distrust of the intellect and a trust in humility. Perhaps no critic has ever made so lucid an analysis of Dostoevski's ideas or so brilliantly attacked common errors about the major novels. At the very first you discover sentences revealing M. Gide's probing intelligence.

> He never approaches a question from the abstract, ideas never exist for him but as functions of his characters . . . it is impossible to distinguish whether a character's philosophy postulates his suicide or his suicide his philosophy . . . even if his characters lacked the depths of thought that lie behind them, and around them, I believe that Dostoevski would still be the greatest of all novelists . . . if I seek to know what part mind plays in Dostoevski's novels, I realize that its power is demonic . . . Dostoevski is not a thinker but a novelist . . . feelings, thoughts, and passions are never presented in the pure state. He never isolates them.

After so impressive an exordium you hope that M. Gide will do more than just analyze and explain. You hope that he will somehow and by some magic of his own translate the great characters so that you will learn not just their motives but even more the contour and magnitude of their being. All the way through M. Gide calls Stavrogin a strange and terrible creation, but never once does he make you shudder with any vision of the appalling gulf where Stavrogin moves through a thick darkness. On every page you learn Dostoevski's mind, but hardly once do you come in any contact with his flesh. Again and again one recalls the wonderful pages wherein Middleton Murry in his book on Dostoevski gives back the shapes of Stavrogin and Svidrigailov and the Karamazovs.

It is astonishing enough that a Frenchman should throw so clear a light into the echoing abysms and the maze of hidden caverns repeating their patterns like the corridors of a haunting dream. It is just as astonishing that a Frenchman should so perfectly understand the almost absolute difference between Latin and Russian fiction. No wonder Turgenev has always been the darling of French critics! He has form and elegance like a vase. He has none of that vast and unfolding nightmare web which has made so many nations recoil from Dostoevski like elegant blue-bottles before the coiled horror of a net centered by a hidden spider. One must therefore honor and praise M. Gide because he doesn't go in for graceful lamentations over Dostoevski's pluralistic universe where heaven and hell lie in one single timeless moment of revelation.

Even after he has begun so well M. Gide cannot keep away from the seduction of "ideas"; and so instead of telling you about Dostoevski's men and women he goes shooting big game like Nietzsche and Ibsen and William Blake. He can resist everything but philosophy. He desires, oh, so ardently, to make you love the strange Russian for believing in the gospels. It may or it may not be true; but in itself it is no argument for the greatness of the novels. How can M. Gide accept so eagerly Dostoevski's *apparent* pleas for humility and purification by suffering without realizing that the most memorable and enduring characters are always those who are *not* purified by suffering? What if M. Gide is right in saying that with Dostoevski the intellect leads straight into hell and the soul straight into heaven? Such a comforting assurance hardly reconciles us to the rather obvious fact of Dostoevski's enormous power in presenting hell (as in Ivan's story and his night-

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mare in "The Brothers Karamazov") so that we are forced to believe that Dostoevski (with Milton) really felt most at home in the camp of the enemy. Such characters as Father Zossima and Alyosha Karamazov may indicate the profound goodness of Dostoevski's heart. Yet Dostoevski himself nowhere deliberately argues that Alyosha's heaven and Raskolnikov's exile should and must be sought in preference to the fateful dooms of Svidrigailov and Ivan Karamazov and Stavrogin.

Perhaps the fearful hinterlands of Dostoevski's world proved too hard going for M. Gide's kindly soul. He can argue eloquently for William Blake; but he does not do much more than stand outside the house and talk with a charming wisdom. He doesn't really go as our guide down the moldering stairs and into the interminable cellars hooded in a terrible darkness split ever and again with lightning flashes revealing shapes and histories coiled over a deep gulf down which we fall toward the rock ledges of an elemental night.

DONALD DOUGLAS

Confessions Without Confession

The Confessions of a Capitalist. By Ernest J. P. Benn. Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.

THIS book might much better be called "The Case of the Entrepreneur" than "The Confessions of a Capitalist"; for its author is first, last, and always a business man and only incidentally a capitalist, and the book contains no word of confession or apology except in its title. As an active, efficient business man, Sir Ernest Benn enjoys business and believes in it heartily. Out of an extensive business experience he brings a wealth of evidence to support his view: "As I see it, the only hope of securing better conditions or a higher standard of living, not only for the workers but for the people as a whole, is the increase and encouragement of a competent class of business men working for the common good on competitive and individualistic lines." As a frank revelation of the mind and the philosophy of a money-making publisher, the book is extremely interesting; and it is valuable, too, for its detailed statement of the various operations by which its author has made gains and losses over a period of a third of a century. Disclaiming literary merit, it is full of quotable sentences. Not in a long time has there appeared a more able and suggestive defense of the existing economic order. Its author speaks that which he knows, and testifies that which he has seen. Consequently he writes a good book.

Of course it is partial; it gives little attention to the seamy side of our present economic arrangements. Mr. R. H. Tawney turns up as "a wholly unpractical and inexperienced visionary . . . who in America would be pitied" (though he happens to have been the outstanding figure of the Institute of Politics at Williamstown a couple of years ago). What we really need is economic writers "whose object is the study and defense and extension of the existing order of things, who are impressed with the wonderful strides that have already been made in the difficult work of civilization, and who believe that in the experience of the past are to be found the fact and the wisdom upon which the progress of the future may be assured." Trade unions are an invention of the Evil One. Social legislation, built on the fallacy that things must be done for people and not by them, is ruining England, while the United States, for all it is so dreadfully American, is the ideal economic land of today and tomorrow. Indeed, Sir Ernest out-Carvers Professor Carver himself in his admiration for us and our ways, our Fords and our thrift and our "efficiency." "In a word, the whole force of public opinion in America is directed to teaching people how to push. Our public opinion, on the contrary, seems to be concerned with teaching our people how to lean." It is familiar doctrine, the gospel of Judge Gary and the successful business man, but it is set forth with a verve and enthusiasm, with a wealth of detailed instances, and with a lack of apology and cant that make it good reading. It is an excellent document for the study of business and the business man.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

Mr. Cabell's Problem

The Silver Stallion. By James Branch Cabell. Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.50.

THE soul of John Sumner and the shade of Maurice Hewlett must have rejoiced when Mr. Cabell in "Straws and Prayer-Books" hinted that the scandalous Biography of his multiform hero was at last ended; correct morality and correct medieval scholarship would henceforth be safe from corruption. But, alas, in that very volume Mr. Cabell had the impudence to introduce new elements of the legend in the adventures of Anavalt and Holden, so that a shrewd prophet might have foreseen the worst. In truth, there is no possible end to the Biography because Mr. Cabell, alone of living writers, deals with an eternal hero, present since the dawn of literature, the central figure of all comedy whether named Jurgen, Manuel, Peer Gynt, Candide, Don Juan, Falstaff, or Sancho Panza, man the eternal compromiser, who never stakes his all on any issue, who never breaks because he always bends. The comic hero is invulnerable and far closer to the heart of man than the romantic tragedian because he knows, as the romanticist does not, that life is greater than any particular events of life and that an internal standard of self-preservation is worth all the external attachments in the world.

Mr. Cabell's romanticism is mainly on the surface. The mellifluous unreal names and strange adventures of his characters, the outlandish pagan gods he loves, the thaumaturgists, fiends, and monsters as well as the frail and lovely damsels of his fancy are alike embroidery upon his central universal theme. At heart he is much more of a classicist, as is shown by the carefully carved sentences without a superfluous word, the carefully plotted structure of each novel, the clear discrimination between dreams and reality even while he seems to hesitate between them, and the clear-sighted chastening humor at the opposite pole from romantic self-delusion. Classicism, curiously enough, has always been more evident in American than in British literature, but it has usually been of an anemic type; Mr. Cabell is our first classicist to have his glands and juices all in working order.

Your true Cabellist needs to be told none of this, and he rejoices to find the old themes and old characters reappearing in "The Silver Stallion"—Jurgen, Manuel, Horvendile, Koshchei, Satan, and best of all that glorious bald-headed Coth for whom, in "Jurgen," Hell was not hot enough. To be sure, the whole crowd, bald-headed Coth, pot-bellied Jurgen, cock-eyed Manuel, and the innumerable tall ones, tall Anavalt, tall Gonfal, tall Holden, and the rest, and all the brainless beautiful females from Radegonde to Dorothy, utter their diverse sentiments with a single voice, being nothing, one is tempted to pun, but different emanations in a modern Cabala. But while the schoolboy may be satisfied with the Legend of the Red Cross Knight as a fair sample of the "Faerie Queene," the more judicious reader weeps for the lost or unwritten books. Just so the lover of Cabell feels that he cannot have too much of so good a thing. Each character and each incident adds something to the unending Biography, and even the oft-repeated philosophical commentaries seem like musical motifs in a long symphony. Not for the true Cabellist who years ago watched these characters develop in Virginia and then gradually transplant themselves to the freer atmosphere of a mythical French province in a mythical thirteenth century, but for the great uninitiated multitude outside the inner shrine is a sort of brief

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Who's Who in Poictesme provided by the author at the beginning of this volume and a Compendium of Leading Historical Events added at the end.

This Comedy of Redemption is the best of the whole series in point of variety and breadth of interest. It tells of how the goodly fellowship of the Silver Stallion was broken up after their leader Manuel had ridden into the West with Grandfather Death, and how during the pious regime of his successor, the Countess Niafer, one by one its members left Poictesme, Gonfal to snatch by his wits three years of pleasure, Miramon Lluagor to cause a cosmic disturbance which all but overthrew Koshchei the Deathless, Coth to seek his lost master and find adventures suitable to the father of Jurgen, Guivric to lose his soul in exchange for that of Glaum-without-Bones, Kerin to read all the books in the world with little profit, and Donander, by a slight mistake on the part of the angels, to be transported to the excitements of Valhalla while his disappointed pagan adversary is taken to the Christian Heaven. Of the whole fellowship only the pedantic Kerin, and Ninzian, a half-hearted emissary of Satan, live on at the end in reformed Poictesme, where Dame Niafer has developed the legend of Manuel the Redeemer with such success that in imitation of his non-existent saintly virtues the people have become kind and merciful and dull.

The last chapter is well entitled Where All Ends Perplexedly. And it is perhaps hardly fair that the writer should be reproached with this avowed perplexity which yet runs through the whole series of his works. He has never been able to decide whether the function of imagination is to provide an escape from reality or to provide ideals for reality. His clear intelligence delights in truth while yet he perceives the indubitable fact that belief in all manner of absurdities is often beneficial. The tendencies toward hero-worship and toward the ridicule of hero-worship are equally strong in him. So, like his own Jurgen, "content to compromise," he sits gracefully now on one horn of the dilemma, now on the other, or leaps back and forth with such agility that one forgets the dilemma and applauds the artistry. Whether he will ever solve his problem is one of the problems for the future to solve. Meanwhile no other writer has presented it quite so clearly or created such winning advocates on either side, no other has so fully realized all the possibilities in this great phase of the human comedy. ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

Books in Brief

Some Cycles of Cathay. By William Allen White. University of North Carolina Press. $1.50.

Mr. White has made a meager book on a provocative subject. His thesis is that the United States has passed through three important cycles or stages, in general those of revolution, of anti-slavery, and of populism, each of them a part of the larger cycle of democratic growth among English-speaking peoples, and the whole merging in "a still greater cycle of development known rather loosely as Christian civilization." Unfortunately for those to whom the thesis might seem worth examining, Mr. White's treatment of it is superficial, his language often undignified, and his thought a mixture of platitudes and benevolent generalizations. The writer of the jacket advertisement promises that the book "will prove most interesting and stimulating" to such as are "interested in currents of modern thought and tendencies," but to most serious readers the book is not likely to seem worth while.

On New Shores. By Konrad Bercovici. The Century Company. $4.

Konrad Bercovici has a passion for people and is known for his picturesque presentation of immigrant life in New York City. In the present volume he pictures immigrant life as it is scattered over the United States. It is an excellent answer to those who imagine that all our newcomers congregate in the great cities. For here we find on the land Bohemian, Italian, Pole, Rumanian, and numerous others besides the older German and Norwegian stocks. And we find them redeeming land which native Americans have abandoned or will not subdue—we find them through industry and hardihood establishing a new frontier.

How Music Grew. By Marion Bauer and Ethel Peyser. With an introduction by William J. Henderson. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.50.

This history of music for the young is stronger at both ends than most grown-up histories. It begins by showing the place of music in the life of primitive peoples, to whom it was "not a luxury but a daily need." At the other end the book furnishes one of the best short surveys of modern music yet written. In spite of an over-positiveness in matters of taste and an over-popularized style, it is another of those books for children, like "The Story of Mankind," which are a godsend to their elders.

The Language of Advertising. By John B. Opdycke. Isaac Pitman and Sons. $3.50.

The author of this morocco-bound, gilt-edged book is on the business faculty of New York University. He writes in slogans like "insight, outlook, and uplift," "expression for impression," or, as he describes it, he "wages warfare with words in order to make them warble winningly to the wallets of the world." He believes that "we are born with Shakesperience in our very souls," and that Keats "made of himself the psychological ancestor of the author of Golden Glow Tea."

Paris on Parade. By Robert Forrest Wilson. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $5.

The Gay City. By Arthur Phillips. Brentano's. $1.75.

It used to be that guide and travel books told us about the museums and the cathedrals, the money system and the hotel rates. The visitor was left to discover for himself queer corners, quaint restaurants, the night life, and for that matter most of the day life too. But the wheel of fashion has turned and nowadays a book on Paris may contain almost anything except sober information on serious subjects. That is the kind of book these two volumes are—or aren't. Mr. Wilson's is much the better written and the more discerning. His chapters on Americans in Paris are especially good, and the illustrations by A. G. Warshawsky reproduce in an intimate way the look and the feel of Paris. Books like these make excellent reading before one goes over or after he gets back, but in Paris itself the visitor will still carry about the streets (as much concealed as possible) the red-covered Baedeker or the blue-bound Hachette.

Social Struggles and Thought. By M. Beer. Translated by H. J. Stemming. Small, Maynard and Company. $2.

In this, the fourth volume of his "General History of Socialism and Social Struggles," the author sketches the industrial revolution and the reactions it produced both in thought and in political movement in England, France, and Germany up to 1850.

Isabella Stewart Gardner and Fenway Court. By Morris Carter. Houghton Mifflin Company. $6.

An account by the director of the Gardner museum at Fenway Court, Boston, of the career of a lifelong patron of the arts—and incidentally an artist herself, although she never painted a picture or wrote a symphony. Mrs. Gardner spent the first years of her long life in shocking Boston society by her daring and originality and making friends with every great man and woman she could find and many who were to become great through her generosity, and the latter years in

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collecting with the help of a large fortune and much expert advice one of the finest private art collections in the world. Mr. Carter succeeds admirably in describing a rich and vivid if often capricious personality, a woman who could count among her friends Henry Adams, Charles Eliot Norton, James McNeill Whistler, Anders Zorn, Karl Muck, Paderewski, and Henry James, to name only a few.

The Life and Letters of Anton Tchekhov. Translated and edited by S. S. Koteliansky and Philip Tomlinson. George H. Doran Company. $6.

These letters number some three hundred, and are a selection from the six volumes of Chekhov's correspondence edited by his sister and completed just before the revolution. The present work by no means breaks fresh ground, since the indefatigable Mrs. Garnett made a compilation from the same sources five years ago, and only recently Mr. Louis S. Friedland in this country assembled Chekhov's private communications on the subject of his own writings and on literary topics generally. There is a good deal of duplication in these three books, but this does not seriously injure the value of the present book, which fulfils its purpose of showing us *en pantouffles* a rare spirit and a fine artist.

Drama

Señorita Nora

THAT the oldest situations of romantic comedy can still be made to yield their quota of charm and amusement is illustrated anew by the pleasant little piece which the company at the Neighborhood Playhouse has just added to its repertory. "The Romantic Young Lady," translated from the Spanish of G. Martinez Sierra, has nothing fresher to offer by way of plot than the old, old story of the sentimental girl who accidentally meets her favorite hero (in this case a romantic novelist), who suffers a temporary disillusion, and who then marries him after all; but it is both written and played with such spontaneous good humor that it furnishes a delightful and light-hearted evening.

In spite of the fact that today all drama is broadly international and in spite of the fact that Sierra's story has served writers of every nationality, his temperament remains just sufficiently Spanish to give to his piece a slightly and delightfully exotic bouquet. There is a bubbling liveliness about his action and dialogue, a lyric bravado in his romantic passages, that reveal his Southern blood; and even the very slight tinge of social criticism which the composition includes betrays the humorous conservatism of the gallant South. To the heroine, who likes to fancy herself a little advanced, her grandmother, relict of three husbands whom she has loved devotedly in their turn, remarks: "You new women, my dear, wish to revolt against the tyranny, but we, in our day, were content to be revenged occasionally upon the tyrants"; and that, I take it, is the Spanish philosophy. In these days Ibsen has penetrated even to Spain, but the Señorita Noras still find it more fun to melt in their lovers' arms than to slam decisive doors. In the North, Puritanism and Emancipation are the extremes between which the pendulum swings; in the South it oscillates between Religious Ecstasy and Wordly Wisdom; it is as hard for a Spaniard to be merely earnest as it is for your true Nordic to be anything else.

In connection with the performance I cannot but remark, as I have remarked several times before, both upon the variety which the programs at the Neighborhood offer and upon the skill with which the tone or mood of each work is almost invariably caught, whether the piece require the exquisite fantasy of "The Little Clay Cart," the grim seriousness of "Exiles," or the half-mocking, half-melting romanticism of the present piece. This art of creative interpretation, an art which depends quite as much upon the sensitive direction of the whole as upon individual performances, is not one which calls attention to itself. Its essential characteristic is to be so obviously *right* as to seem inevitable, and it is its absence rather than its presence which is most readily perceived. But in order to perceive its importance one need only compare one of the Neighborhood productions with, for example, the new "Importance of Being Earnest" (Comedy Theater), now being offered by the usually competent Actors' Theater. This latter is funny, as it cannot help being, and it is not, in one sense, badly acted; but aside from the Algernon of Reginald Owen and a bit contributed by Gerald Hammer as Lane, not one of the roles is given more than an intelligent reading. Faced with a play which is not conventional drama or conventional farce or conventional anything else but, instead, completely *sui generis*, the actors have been able to do nothing except play it as though it were one or the other of these things. They have been able to invent no style to correspond to the unique mood of the play; and yet, I would wager, the members of the Neighborhood company could manage to achieve some combination of pace, intonation, and gesture which would make them melt into the mood of the play. In "The Romantic Young Lady" all the performances are excellent, but that is not the most important thing; each is not merely good but good in the same way, so that even if the piece were played in some unknown tongue, its spirit would be communicated. That can only be the result of real acting and real direction.

"Bad Habits of 1926" (Greenwich Village Theater) is an intimate review performed with great energy by a group of unknowns, but it never reaches any great hilarity.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

An announcement of The Nation's *second Student Workers' Contest will be found on page iv of this issue.*

□ THEATER □

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International Relations Section

Should Germany Have Colonies?

By FREDERICK KUH

Berlin, April 30

GERMANY'S recovery of part of her lost colonies is rapidly becoming an acute international question. Until approximately a year ago the German press was preoccupied, to the exclusion of more remote issues, with such burning problems as the Ruhr invasion, stabilizing the currency, and balancing the budget. As soon as these obstacles were surmounted newspapers and periodicals began turning their attention to the colonies. For the first time since the war the press sent special correspondents into former German territory in Africa and the South Seas. The biggest German motion-picture concern, the Ufa, dispatched an expedition to the African ex-colonies and the resultant film, itself calculated to revive colonial yearnings, was accompanied throughout its exhibition in Germany by a lecturer who emphasized the propagandist motive of this imperialist travelogue.

Locarno came. And at Locarno Luther and Stresemann discussed the return of German colonies with Chamberlain and Briand. The topic was revived during conversations at the still-born session of the League in March. Germany was definitely tossing her hat into the international colonial ring.

Not only in Germany but also abroad the question was obtaining more and more space in the newspaper columns. Idyllic South Sea romance yielded to cold business talk as evinced in the well-informed *Hamburger Fremdenblatt* of March 31. "After a year of vain chattering," said this publication, "the moment has arrived for Germany to make a tangible proposal to France and England." The *Fremdenblatt*, which frequently reflects the views of the German Foreign Office, reminded its readers that the Togo and Kamerun mandates could most easily be released to Germany. In this connection, it was suggested that an international colonial conference might produce a successful solution. When the German delegates go to Geneva for the World Economic conference, concluded the *Fremdenblatt*, they should carry a definite program for the return of colonies in their pockets.

In England the newspapers began to devote increased attention to the question. And the French press suddenly turned to Britain with the proposal that France should release Togo and Kamerun to Germany, in return for which France would receive compensation among England's African mandates. Ironically, this suggestion for a wholesale barter of human lives emanated from a newspaper which calls itself *L'Homme Libre*.

Then came the speech which Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, influential president of the Reichsbank, delivered before the Colonial Society on March 24. He described what he termed a new colonial policy for Germany, which was to evade the pitfalls of imperialism. "The struggle for raw materials," he said, "plays a larger role than ever in the relations of the world Powers." Hence Germany must regain a field for colonial activity as soon as possible, both in order to secure raw materials and to obtain an outlet for her surplus population. He proposed a reversion to the ancient method of chartered companies, "great private, privileged, colonial enterprises."

"What Europe needs," asserted Dr. Schacht, "is a new Mayflower, which shall lead us away from poverty and fear to a new, free land, where energy, strength, and faith in God may rebuild the peaceful happiness of civilization." Finally, he proposed that a police force be established to protect the new German pilgrims and their God-fearing chartered companies.

The growing readiness of England and France to restore a portion of her former colonies to Germany has evidently aroused no misgivings in Dr. Schacht's mind. True, this change in the attitude of Germany's ex-enemies is a public retraction of the falsehood on the basis of which the Allies annexed the German colonies—namely, that Germany was less qualified to administer them than the Entente Powers. Obviously, however, if England and France are willing to grant colonies to Germany soon, it is because they may need German support to prevent the collapse of the colonial system everywhere.

Dr. Schacht has restricted himself to economic considerations. It is not here necessary to acknowledge the German achievements in fighting tropical epidemics nor to pay tribute to the magnificent work of Professor Robert Koch in combating diseases in the colonies. Such scientific feats are also possible without colonial expansion. The question, then, is whether Dr. Schacht's economic contentions are correct.

Germany's colonial history itself completely refutes Dr. Schacht's arguments. Throughout the thirty years of German colonial activity the colonies were an economic liability, not an asset, to Germany. Far more capital was sunk into the German colonies than was ever recovered. Moreover, the crux of the problem for Germany today would be the acquisition of capital for colonial development. If the colonies failed to pay before the war, when capital could be borrowed at 5 or 6 per cent, what would be the investors' chance of deriving profits from colonies nowadays with loans exacting 10 and 12 per cent interest?

Was the loss of the colonies really such an economic blow to Germany? In the last pre-war year the total trade of all German colonies with the fatherland amounted to $27,000,000—and this figure represented exactly one-half of one per cent of Germany's total foreign trade. Rubber was one of the most valuable products Germany gained from her colonies. In 1913—the most thriving colonial year—Germany imported 2,700 tons of crude rubber from her colonies; this would cover about one-fourteenth of her present requirements. Equivalent figures regarding another staple colonial product are even more striking; in 1913 Germany imported 478,000 tons of cotton, of which only 1,300 tons came from her colonies.

The suggestion, then, that Germany's need for raw materials might be assuaged through the recovery of her colonies seems almost ribald. The raw materials which Germany requires—iron ore, copper, cotton, wool, raw silk, hides, rubber, oil, phosphate, and tobacco—either did not exist in the former German colonies or existed in insignificant quantities.

As Dr. Schacht remarked, the struggle for raw materials is dominating international relations. Under these circumstances the Powers can scarcely be expected volun-

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tarily to deliver to Germany colonies which yield the coveted raw materials. It is far more likely that Germany will be tendered a "prestige colony," comprising a couple of cocoanut palms, a few crocodiles, and some sand dunes.

When Dr. Schacht refers to the ex-colonies as an outlet for Germany's excess population, he rhetorically rushes in where his countrymen corporeally fear to tread. Science has not yet rendered possible the settlement of Western Europeans in the tropics on a scale even remotely resembling that which would be necessary for the attainment of Dr. Schacht's program. The emigration of a handful of merchants, civil servants, and adventurers to Togo or East Africa would not relieve the tension on over-industrialized Germany. But even if a million Germans were prepared to become colonials, who is to foot the bill? Conservative estimates say that the transportation and settlement of a single German family in one of the former colonies would cost $5,000 to $8,000. Are a million breadless unemployed to pay their own expenses to the colonies? Or would the German state, with its crushing burden of reparations, find the huge sum necessary to finance colonization on the only scale that matters?

As a matter of fact, the proposed revival of chartered companies would by no means evade the dangers of a German return to imperialism. To dismiss this menace by saying that Germany's revived colonial activities would remain in the hands of private enterprise is dodging the issue. A native strike or uprising against the chartered companies and their entourage would confront the German Government with the alternative of suppressing the recalcitrant natives or abandoning the German colonials. Which alternative would be adopted is a foregone conclusion. Moreover, Dr. Schacht was scarcely envisaging the regulation of automobile traffic in the jungle when he proposed the establishment of a German colonial police force. And were the police force endangered, no doubt the defense of German life and property would demand military reinforcements, if Germany possessed them. It is difficult to understand precisely what is "new" in Dr. Schacht's Mayflowery speech.

Germany's recovery of colonies, quite aside from its economic futility, would raise another, more far-reaching issue. As a matter of fact Germany is at the crossroads. The German Republic was born of the same impulse which stirred myriad colonial tribes from their inertia. Germany must cast her lot either with the colonial slaves, rising against foreign domination, or with foreign Powers, engaged in subjugating their colonies. A German writer, Alfons Steiniger, has put the situation bluntly. "Having witnessed the white peoples engaged in carnage," he said, "the African tribes, themselves having surmounted cannibalism, are no longer inclined to be ruled by wholesale murderers."

Even the German war-time Secretary of State for the Colonies, Dr. Bernhard Dernburg, has issued a veiled warning to his countrymen that under existing changed conditions the recovery of colonies might cause Germany a setback and disappointment. A similar admonition has come from the German economist and lecturer at the Williamstown International Institute of Politics, Professor M. J. Bonn.

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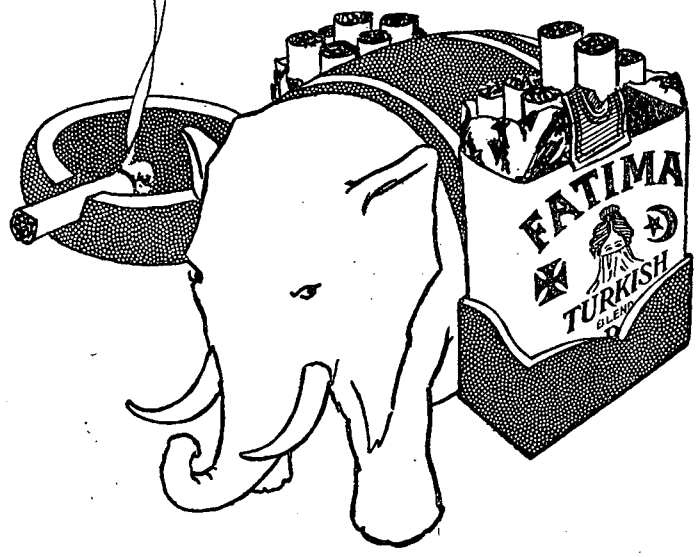

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are independently represented in the League of Nations; unless they explicitly concur, they are not bound by England's international agreements. Britain has forfeited her unchallenged mastery in Ireland and Egypt; she is on the defensive in India. Everywhere, colonial empires are trembling in their foundations. Syria, Arabia, Morocco are aflame with revolt. China is stretching her gargantuan limbs to shake off the foreign pigmies. The rumblings of an approaching storm can be heard throughout the East.

And at such a moment, with colonial serfdom rising against its masters, Germany is seeking to regain her lost colonial possessions!

In 1921 Germany voluntarily defaulted her privilege in China by concluding a far-sighted treaty with Peking. At the outset of 1926 Germany adhered to the Nine Power treaty—thereby restoring Germany, in the minds of China's younger leaders, to the group of foreign self-seekers in China. Even now, however, Germany is not committed to the imperialist route for recapturing her outstanding world position. It is not too late to decline the costly prestige of colonial imperialism. An alliance with the oppressed and exploited peoples is still open to Germany.

But all indications point to the adoption of the other course. At Locarno Sir Austen Chamberlain declared that he could not perceive the slightest objection to Germany's attempt to secure any available colonial mandate. Perhaps Sir Austen foresees the day when Germany, as a colonial Power, might be helpful in saving other Powers from the colonial independence movement. The Luther-Stresemann Government candidly is out to get colonies. It is emphatically seconded by the government parties, by such articulate organizations as the Kolonial Gesellschaft, by former officers and colonial bureaucrats, and by influential financial and industrial circles. On the other hand, the adversaries of this policy are unorganized and oppressively silent. Even the Socialists, who adopted a firm anti-colonial stand before the war, have refrained from any utterance or action on this issue since its revival.

Apparently, any Greeks who happen along, bearing gifts, will find a large Welcome sign on Germany's doormat.

Contributors to This Issue

HENDRIK W. VAN LOON is the author and illustrator of "The Story of Mankind" and "Tolerance."

CONRAD SEILER is a playwright living in Hollywood. A volume of his plays, "Suicide and Other One Act Comedies," will be published shortly.

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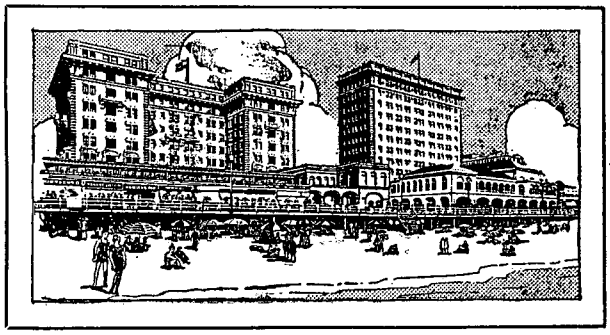

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